

## THE MORAL BIG STICK IS ACTIVE NOW.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

IN the pedagogical discussions that arise concerning corporal punishment for children the advocates of pain invariably make the statement that force is the only argument that children understand. The minds of grown-up persons are supposed to be developed beyond the need of such elementary stimulus. But there is wisdom even in all the time a moral big stick, more particularly in view just now as a result of the Thaw tragedy.

More specifically, it is not so much a stick as a cat-o-nine-tails, each tail being adorned with a neat platitude such as "The wages of sin is death," or "The path of dalliance leads but to the grave," &c. We may be perfectly good, harmless members of society, our lives without secret orchards, our souls with no manifold hidden from the common view. Nevertheless, the cowhide of moral warning swishes menacingly about our heads quite as if we were about to break a bank or a commandment.

For six months to come no girl who stays out later than curfew time will be told what a sad fate is in store for her, with illustrations and quotations from the Thaw tragedy. No young man who averages five cigarettes a day may hope to escape the reminder that he is on the road to the electric chair. No middle-aged husband doted in looking over at the boarding-house waitress but will be assured by his wife that his days are numbered and that an avenging bullet from the girl's admirer will cut his career of perjury in two.

People simply won't let us be good because we want to be. They have to sell us a gold brick in the shape of the assurance that goodness pays—which it does not—or that wickedness is bound to be punished—which it seldom is.

Yet those people would be good if they didn't feel they had to be. Just as more children would obey if they weren't belted and scolded.

The moral big stick is as much out of date as the school cat-o-nine-tails. There is always a time when the adult gets too big for it, as surely as the child outgrows the "licking." However full we may be, we must ultimately realize that the wages of sin and sainthood are about the same. If the balance errs at all, it's sure to be the saint who is short-weighted.

We might as well be good truthfully, because we have self-respect enough to want to be. Not because we are afraid of being thumped by a moral cat-o-nine-tails that exasperates as many people to defiance as it quiets others to submission.

Some of us may need it, as some child now and then absolutely requires a licking. But the child gets his. The adult, a whole lot of moralists to the contrary, seldom does.

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## BETTY VINCENT'S ADVICE TO LOVERS.

A GIRL who was until recently employed in a business house downtown writes me: "I have lately been married. We are poor. Please tell me a few simple things I can do to retain my husband's affection."

If she does these things (and any woman can do them) she will retain it always.

First of all, keep pleasant. Don't be cross or flustered when he comes home. If you have burned your hand ironing or stepped on a tack or any of those nice little things that are liable to happen, don't mention it right away. Make him comfortable first.

Next, learn how to make most of your own clothes so that they fit. This comes natural to most women, and the others can cultivate the art a great deal better than they think they can if they will try. Mend his socks and keep his buttons on, especially on his shirts.

Learn to iron these same important articles without losing your temper because it's hot and you are doing some poor job. Maybe he is perspiring, too, to pay the bill.

Most important of all, learn to cook the simple things that are filling and that taste good—soups, biscuits and rolls, pudding and, above all, pie!

One old professor used to say that making a good pie was an essential talent in a woman that a man wished to marry. He also said that she could marry a prince or a king if her pies were good enough. This idea is pretty good, but of course we all know that princes (not to mention kings) don't come under several millions at least.

About this girl who has written to me and about every girl in a similar case, I want to say that if you are sensible and love the man, perhaps it is a good thing to be poor. You now have plenty to do. If you were moderately well-off without being rich—you could attend to the marketing, see that the servant was doing her duty and then attend to the house and learn to keep a servant.

You haven't time for that now, and I hope, for one, that you never will have.

All perplexed young people can obtain expert advice on their tangled love affairs by writing to Betty Vincent, Letters for her should be addressed to "Betty Vincent, c/o Evening World, Post-Office Box 124, New York."

ONE IN TROUBLE.

You are both very young. Don't take your first love seriously. I think her parents are right. You should not meet her again.

He Did Not Call.

Dear Betty:

I have corresponded with a young man for several months, and in every letter he tells how much he loves me and how anxious he is to be home, so that he can go out with me. This young man was home for over Sunday and never called to see me. I love him very much and have always thought he loved me. Don't you think I am called to see me?

ETHEL.

Perhaps it was impossible for him to call this time. Do not get vexed at it until you find out what he did that Sunday.

Girl Died, He Wants Ring.

Dear Betty:

I was engaged to a young girl for two months, when she suddenly got sick and died. Can I claim the ring, which her parents now have in their possession?

ANXIOUS.

You can if you have the nerve. It is their place to return it to you.

To Whom Shall He Bow?

Dear Betty:

I am not well acquainted with a rule of etiquette. I wish to ask you, when I am walking the streets, S. I. Raise your hat to the women you know. You can get a good book on etiquette at any of the large book stores.

GOING AWAY FROM HERE.

Dear Betty:

I have known a young man for a year and a half. This summer I expect to be abroad and I won't see him all summer. He says that I will have to marry him before I go, as he has a feeling that if I go without marrying him I will fall in love with some one else and that if I don't marry him I will never hear of him again. I really expect to marry the young man some day, but not for three or four years. He is making \$9 a week and his family is quite well off.

ETHEL.

If you love him marry him before you go.

His Attentions Unwelcome.

Dear Betty:

JOHN is a young man who calls to see me very frequently and invites me to go out with him. I do not care for his company, and have refused many of his invitations. How can I get rid of him without hurting his feelings? His mother is a friend of our family.

F. M.

Begin by declining his invitations once in a while and drop him gradually. You can be indifferent without doing anything that will offend him.

Deeply Smitten.

Dear Betty:

AM a young man near eighteen years old, and have been going with a young lady just past sixteen. Her parents do not wish me to go with her. They say she is too young. But I can't keep away from her. I love her dearly and know my love is returned. Her pa-

rents allow me to go to her to see her, and allow me to speak to her in the street, but I can't take a walk with her unless it is done on the sly. She begs me not to give her up.

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HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

Brown Spots on the Face.

B. C.—Brown spots on the face are caused by some disarrangement of the liver. I don't think any external application will have very much effect so long as the cause remains. You might try this lotion, which will at least temporarily relieve the face.

Benzoic acid, 10 grains; extract of licorice, 12 grains; extract of marsh-mallows, 2 ounces; rose water, 2 ounces. Mix. Moop over the spots night and morning. Benzoic acid of mercury is a dangerous poison, and while perfectly proper to use as here suggested, should be kept out of the reach of ignorant persons and children.

A Fat Nose.

R.—I would not worry about the nose, but would try the simple nostril pinching which I give you for enlarged or red nose: Muriate of am-

monia, 1 dram; tannic acid, 1-2 dram; glycerine, 2 ounces; rose water, 2 ounces. Dissolve the muriate and acid in the glycerine, then add the water. Saturate a piece of absorbent cotton with the lotion and bind on the nose nightly until a cure results.

Dark Circles Under Eyes.

S.—Here is a formula for curing dark circles under the eyes. There is always, in my opinion, some internal cause for the black circles under the eyes. The tendency is sometimes hereditary, but dark lines are usually due to some congestion of the veins of the part, and are rarely, if ever, found excepting under one or more of the following circumstances: When the subject is anaemic, and there is an impairment of the chemical constitution of the blood, or when the system is being drained, as it would in prolonged study, or when the system is being drained by excessive use of the eyes, or when the system is being drained by excessive use of the eyes, or when the system is being drained by excessive use of the eyes.

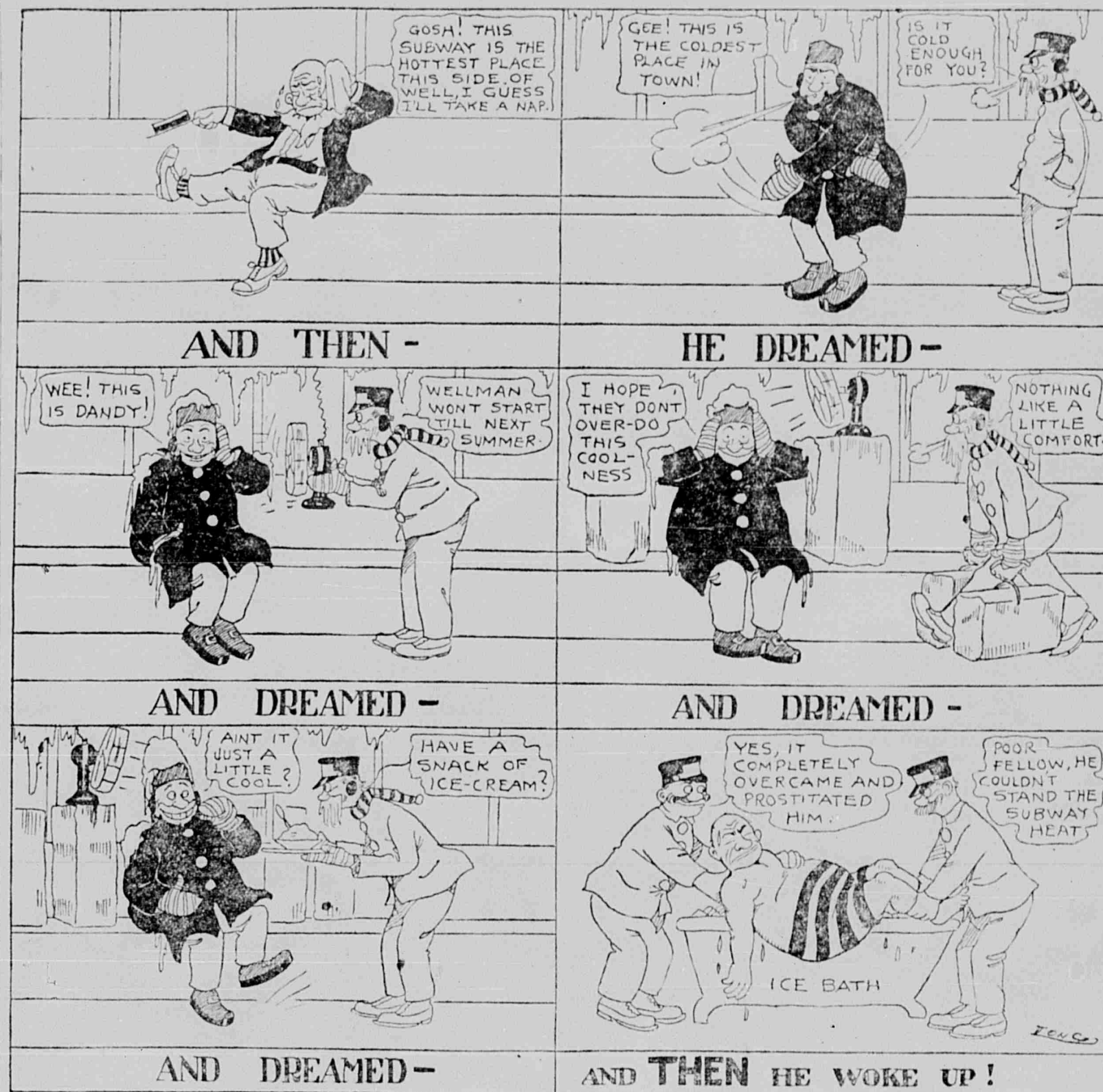
Pineapple Sherbet.

TAKE one quart of grated pineapple, two lemons, 12 cups of sugar, and a half cup of gelatin. Soak the gelatin in water to cover it and then add the remainder of a quart of boiling water. Stir in the pineapple and two pounds of granulated sugar. Stir over the fire until well blended, adding the juice of one lemon. When it has cooled somewhat,

## HAPPY DREAMS. By F. G. Long. ON A 5TH AVENUE STAGE.

By Roy L. McCardell.

(Battered Old Blue Bus Driven by Two Duns in Their Dotage Threads Its Way Through the Press of All Sorts and Conditions of Vehicles.)



ADY IN DAZZLING WHITE—How slow these stages go! Why do we stop all the time? Man in Dingy Silk Hat—I knew the peg would be pulled out of Inter-Met. Says I to Gate: "The Belmont-Ryan interests can't keep it pegged at 50; no, street!"

Millionaire with Frayed Collar—I told my clients to be careful—to be very careful—

Driver (in raucous voice through peep hole)—You're guys going to put in your fare, hey? (Rings consequence bell in money box violently.)

Man in Dingy Silk Hat (pompously)—By, Jove! I always get caught this way; nothing but large gills—er—

Would you?

Millionaire with Frayed Collar—Certainly, my dear fellow! (Drops two nickels in box with murderous scowl.)

Driver (ringing bell constantly)—H! 'nother fare short! Man in Dingy Silk Hat—How dare you, fellow? We have paid! Millionaire with Frayed Collar—I have paid, sir! Driver—Well, that lady didn't pay.

Lady in White—The idea! I paid when I came in, five pennies. (Driver, almost breaking his neck trying to look into interior of stage and avoid being bumped by a fifty-foot, four-horse truck dragging girder up Fifth Avenue with ear-racking clanging.)

Old Gentleman Reading Paper—Madam, you put the money in the lamp.

Driver—Wimmen's always doing that! Lady in White (with asperity)—Well, why don't you have conductors? (Coach stops, takes on Stout Woman in Black and Thin Woman in Blue.)

Black Dress—Oh, don't talk to me any more about that horrible tragedy! The man must have been insane. But then, perhaps, he was persecuted to do it by his wrongs, or maybe she knew it was a thing that drove him to frenzy. You know the Gimbelbys that lived near us on Madison Avenue three years ago? That Mrs. Gimbelby never went out but what she would come home with stories of how men pursued her on the streets trying to flirt with her, and Mr. Gimbelby, the fool, believed it and used to run out with a paper cutter or some other dreadful weapon to see if he could find the man, and Mrs. Gimbelby, as you and I both know, was so shy that men ran away from her instead of after her, and that is why I say that in this case—

Driver—Fare, please! Fare, please!

Blue Dress—Let me pay, dear. I have the change right here (opens wrist-bag and paws through a multitude of small articles.)

Black Dress—No, you paid for the luncheon at the Waldorf and the matinee tickets. I will pay the fare. Now, Julia, I insist!

Driver (bell accompanying)—Fare, please, fare please!

Black Dress—Oh, dear, I have no change!

Blue Dress—Let us get out and walk. It is a shame to ride in such a poky old vehicle this bright day.

Blue Dress—Yes, we are at the Holland House, anyway.

Black Dress—And I was saying, there is one good thing about the matter, and that is that the papers are printing something else besides what Princess Alice is doing. Not that I have any curiosity about it.

Blue Dress—It is horrible! (They alight and beckon to newsboy, produce small coins and buy the late editions.)

Driver (thoroughly to youth on seat beside him)—That's what wears out a man's nerves in this business! The idea of men killing each other about wimmen! Shucks!

(Cracks the off horse and throws the frayed Wall Street operators on top of old cent reading paper, as the horses spring forward to close up a ten-foot gap between them and a garbage wagon.)

## When a Girl's in Love.

By Charles R. Barnes.

Chapter I.

"DO so divine a perfect gem!" dropping eyes told him better than words what she would have him know. Evidences of the saint waist counted.

She spoke her mind thus to Egbert O'Connor, he of the new confectionery store, three doors down the street. It was a swell romance, the heart fascinating of these two. Right well could Egbert remember the first meeting.

"Gimme ten cents' worth of them," she had said, indicating the delicious chocolates in the first case as you come in. Her voice, her manner, the way she did up her hair, fascinated him. Soon they were fast friends, and almost as fast lovers.

When he discovered that she had gone and had that cavity in her front tooth plugged, for he guessed, rightly, no doubt, that it was on his account.

And now she was speaking of perfect gentlemen. He wondered if she were framing up something to land him, for the lover is ever suspicious.

"I never done anything to make you consider me a nut, did I?" he asked.

"No, you've always done everything to lovely," she replied. "You're that easy and accommodating and so polite. That's why I say I figure a perfect gentleman," she finished alluringly.

A great wave of blue surged through his being. "Honest, do you mean that; am I a fall guy?" came his delighted question.

"Well, it's either him or me. Little and I'm here to say it's me—ain't it?"

"Ain't it?" he persisted. "I guess it is, and the sooner you get busy with this fellow, the better for you—ain't it?"

"Uh-huh," she murmured, snuggling against him, and looking admiringly at the chocolate statuette on his fingers.

The only difference between the clinch that resulted in the bona fide honeymoon, when they got home and the one in which Egbert played leading man, was that she told George.

It's love's all mixed up, and my face is a sight. I know it is!"

## May Manton's Daily Fashions.

EVERY fresh variation of the circular skirt is a welcome one. Its general style is eminently graceful and becoming, in addition to the fact that it is in the height of fashion. This one shows two box plaits at front and back, so providing generous fullness and flare at the lower portion, while it is perfectly smooth over the hips. As illustrated it is made of heavy linen, with banding of linen braid, but it can with propriety be utilized for silk and for wool as well as for washable materials; indeed, for every material suited to gowns, to costumes or to odd suits.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 9 yards 27, 6 yards 41 or 51-2 yards 52 inches wide if material has figure or nap; 51-2 yards 44 or 45-2 yards 52 inches wide if it has not, with 30 yards of braid (as illustrated).

Pattern No. 5396 is cut in sizes for a 27, 28, 29, 30 and 31 inch waist measure.

Special Announcement—A handsome supplement will be issued with The Evening World June 30, containing a color page of May Manton Summer Fashions of interest to women.

How to Obtain These Patterns

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third Street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify what you want.

## HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

all together, line a dripping pan with buttered paper and set in the dough. Stir white sugar over the top before baking, and take in a slow oven. This is excellent and will keep for weeks.

Baked Chopped Beef.

CHOP the raw beef, season with pepper and salt and sprinkle parsley and herbs to taste, sprinkle with small pieces of butter or drippings and a little lemon juice. Cover tightly and bake.

Little Currant Cakes.

STIR to a cream three cupfuls of sugar and three-fourths of a cup of butter, add one cupful of sour milk, four eggs, five cupfuls of flour,

Molasses Cake.

TAKE two cupfuls of molasses, two of brown sugar, one of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one-half cup of butter, two beaten eggs, five and one-fourth cups of flour. Beat

Pineapple Sherbet.

TAKE one quart of grated pineapple, two lemons, 12 cups of sugar, and a half cup of gelatin. Soak the gelatin in water to cover it and then add the remainder of a quart of boiling water. Stir in the pineapple and two pounds of granulated sugar. Stir over the fire until well blended, adding the juice of one lemon. When it has cooled somewhat,